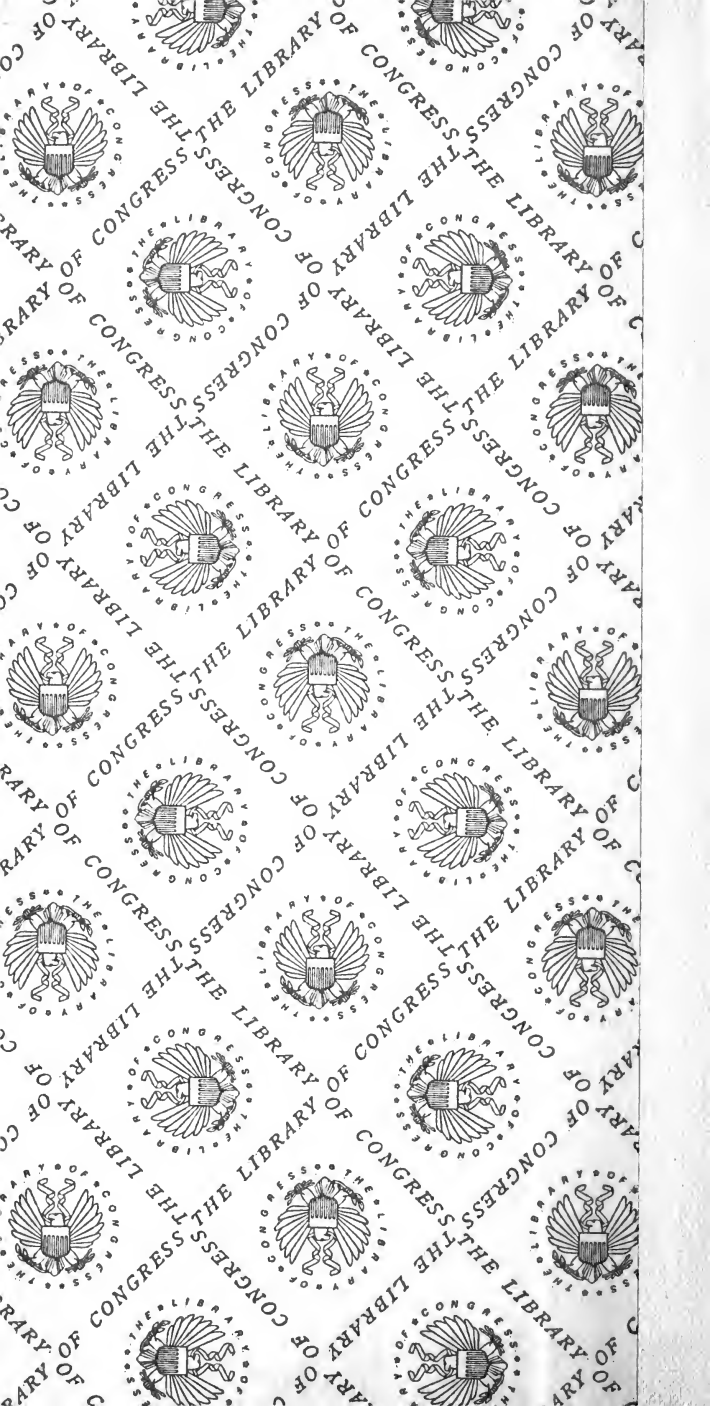


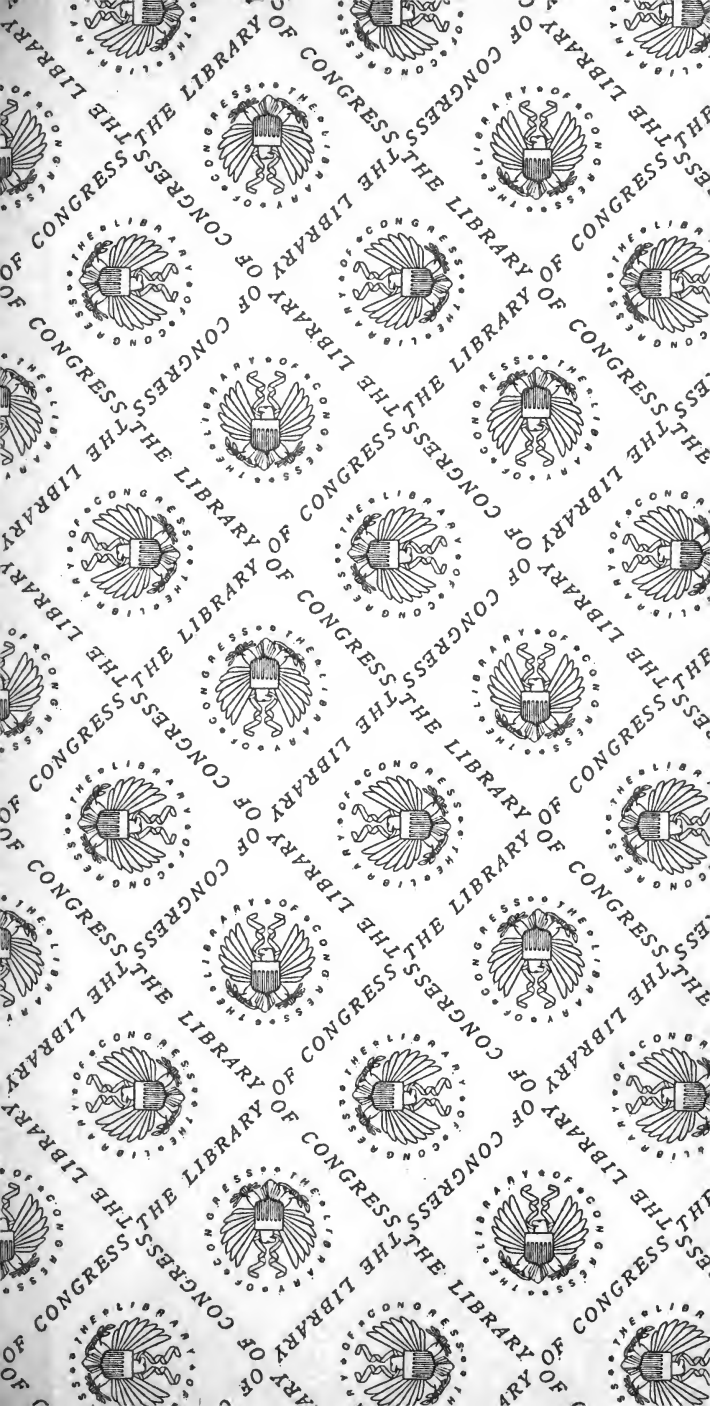
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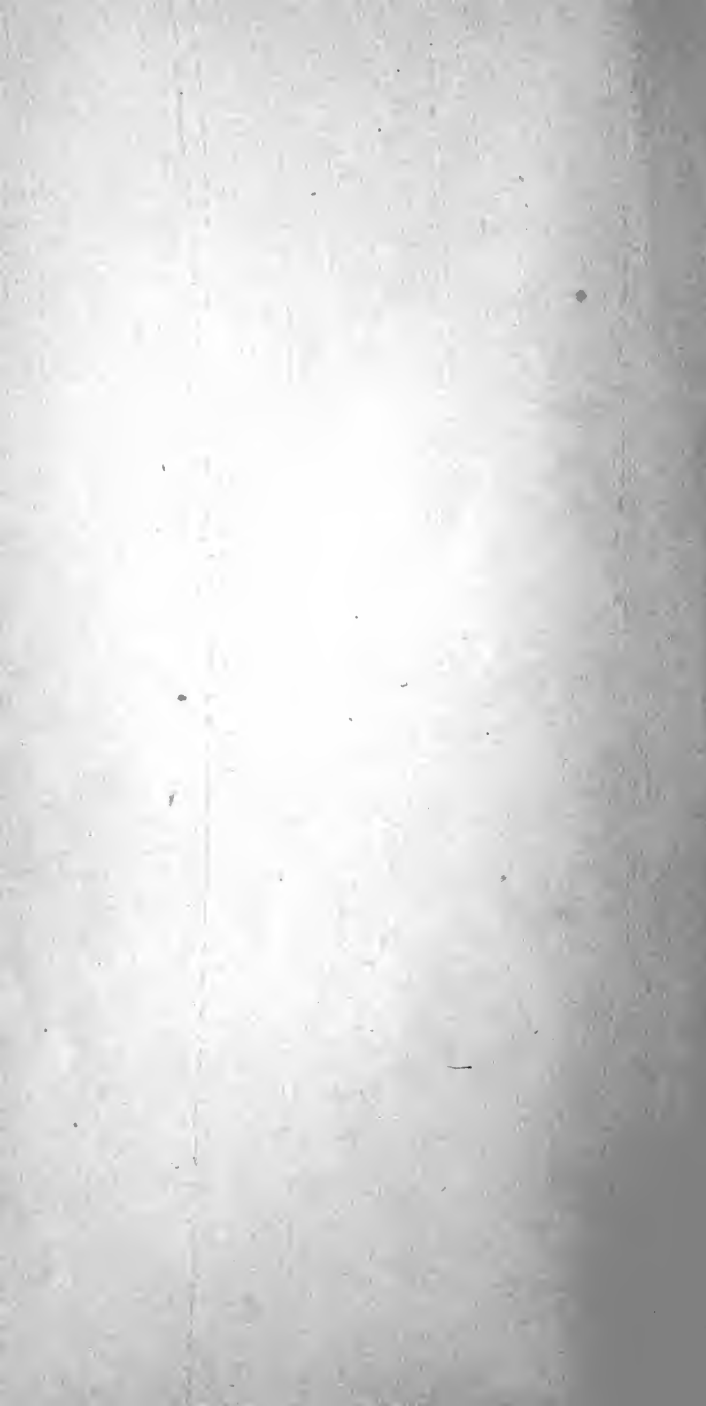


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The Majesty of God in a Dew Drop
The Power of My Mind

H. K. W. PATTERSON
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The Majesty of God in a Dew Drop

With its companion and reflex

The Nobility of Womanhood

by

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Preacher, Poet, Essayist, Lecturer

Bay City, Michigan

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The Nobility of Womanhood

Dedication

To my beloved wife, whose sweetness and purity have been my inspiration and solace, since first we met, and loved, and mated, this poem is lovingly dedicated.

Prologue

The most unique of God's creations, the shrine of the most sacred and captivating emotions, and the casket concealing Love's rarest treasures, is the soul of a woman. Unfathomable, a very Pandora box of evil, when vitiated and debased; pure as Heaven itself when innocent; the soul of a virgin is indeed an Eden, on which the eyes of angels dwell with ecstasy. Before such a shrine a man may well ask himself a question, as to his fitness for the custodianship of so precious a gift, unless he brings a like stainless character to the Altar of Wedlock.

The soul of a woman just awakened to Love, is a spectacle calculated to inspire with reverence those who truly appreciate its innate delicacy and refinement. To the maiden herself the revelation is bewildering. She stands gazing out upon a sea of unknown depth, whose strange and witching beauty fascinates her. The surf laves her feet and the balmy breezes of the Orient seem wafted to her intoxicated senses. She hears the music of an anthem, the chords of which have never before vibrated in her soul, and she is entranced. She is held, enthralled by its witchery and asks herself, what does it all mean?

Half awakened and timorous; fearing to trust herself to the strangely new experience, for the first time, in a new and intensive sense, she lives! Ah, me! The ecstasy in which the soul exults is exquisite. How it paints all Nature in radiant colors. What transcendent melody it lends to the carol of the birds, and how tunefully, harmonious "the music of the spheres." How sweet are the exhalations of the rose-twined garlands which broider the pathway of life. The spirit soars to hitherto untrodden heights,

and exults in the consciousness of twin fellowship with a kindred affinity, which needs no words to convey Love's messages, whose silence is an eloquent testimony of the bliss which speaks from a heart throbbing with joy, in the possession of Life's fairest heritage, the fruition of which means swinging back the gates of an earthly Paradise.

Well has Victor Hugo said: "When two mouths, which have become sacred by Love, draw near each other to create, it is impossible but that there is a tremor, above that ineffable kiss, in the immense mystery of the stars. These felicities are the real ones. There is no joy beyond these joys. Love is the only ecstasy. Everything else weeps. To love, or to have loved, that is enough. Search no further. There is no other pearl to be found in the dark folds of Life. To love is a consummation."

God's Choicest Gift to Man

Creation's dawning glory saw the mystery
unveiled,

Which gave to Earth an Eden, and the
firmament its stars;

The flowers, breathing fragrance, sweetest
messages exhaled,

And Light, Heav'n's firstborn daughter,
the celestial gate unbars:

The "Music of the spheres" attests Omnipotence
Divine;

The birds, their carols chaunting, swell the
universal praise:

The Sun's supernal splendor vies with moon-
beam's softer shine,

To crown with dazzling brilliancy the day's
expiring rays.

The mighty panorama at its Architect's com-
mand,

Unfolds its varied beauty as Aurora gilds
the East;

Revealing God's Omniscience in the work so
nobly planned,

As each new glory bursts upon the sight,
the joy increased.

Jehovah saw that it was good and blessed it
with His love,

Evinced in giving Paradise a King and
Queen so fair;

The angels bent in rapture, while throughout
the realms above,

Reëchoed hallelujahs as God crowned the
royal pair.

'Twas fitting that this final act should tran-
scend all the rest,

And that the race progenitors should find
in those alone,

Whom God in His own image made, and unto
whose behest

All Nature bowed in suppliance, placing
them on the throne:

Unlimited their sovereignty, each boasted
rarest grace,

An incarnated majesty sat throned upon
their brow;

Both dowered with nobility, which Sin could
not efface,

They regnant reigned, nor lacked one vir-
tue which God could endow.

But though Adam was gifted with a dignity
supreme,

To walk the Earth in majesty and beauty,
as its King,

'Twas lovely Eve, adorned with all the
charms which poets dream,

To whom our hearts are drawn, and round
whom our affections cling;

She is the choicest blessing Heaven e'er
vouchsafed to man;

Her tenderness entreating is the lode-star
of the race;

She woos us from our sorrows, which her
smiles like rainbows span,

From the cradle to the grave, her sweet
influence we trace.

Like a snowdrop or a lily, sent a messenger
Divine,

When she opes her eyes the angels stand
as sponsors at her birth;

In her hands a scepter placing, at her feet
all hearts recline,

What are flowers, birds or music, to the
joys she brings to Earth:

Watch the baby, girl and maiden, as she blos-
soms, like the rose,

Into fuller sweetness growing as the years
go gliding by;

Purest innocence and virtue, like a vestal fire
glows,

As her heart's imprisoned sunshine glances
 from her sparkling eye.
 Watch her bosom's wild emotion, as she
 wakes to consciousness,
 'Tis a story so entrancing that the angels
 catch the strain;
 In her soul there lurks a tempest, wakened
 by the first caress,
 When she's past the realm of girlhood, won
 her heritage of pain:
 Standing on tiptoe, expectant, in the dawn of
 Life and Love;
 Filled with ecstasy, yet trembling, as the
 strangely potent spell
 Woos her with its fascination, e'en the heav-
 enly courts above
 Thrill with rapture as they picture joys no
 mortal tongue can tell.
 'Tis a holy consecration which gives Earth its
 motherhood,
 And maternity ennobles, as the priestess of
 the race,
 Stands within her chosen temple, whence all
 influence for good
 Emanates, and crowns with glory ev'ry
 hope our lives embrace:
 Naught can tarnish this effulgence, e'en
 tho' libertine should blast,
 With his foul and hellish passion, woman's
 innocence and youth;
 He the culprit, she the victim, when the
 ordeal is past,
 Pays the penalty of trusting Manhood's
 Honor, Love and Truth.
 In Crime's dark and gloomy record, Judas
 stands the chief accursed,
 As the infamous betrayer of the Saviour
 of mankind;
 But his name stands for all traitors; in Sin's
 calendar the worst
 Of the centuries' malefactors, is he who to
 honor blind,

Violates the trust of Woman, stamps her as
a thing impure;

Makes of her a social leper, from whose
presence innocence

Flees to shun the dread contagion, thus its
safety to insure;

Yet the victim, damned and dreaded, should
be deemed of least offense.

Is their aught we know more cruel than the
death knell of the hope

Born of holy love and passion, in which
self is merged and lost?

Can we picture fiercer travail than the depths
in which they grope,

Who as Magdalenes wander, on Life's
ocean tempest-tossed?

'Tis an easy thing to shun them; spurn them
as a pestilence;

Turn away with cold disdain; crush
them till they droop and die;

But remember, they were tempted, and have
lost their innocence

Through their love; it leaves no refuge to
which broken hearts can fly.

Queens who rule where fashion's mandate is
the fiat all obey;

Where the rich are counted worthy, and the
lowly poor are scorned;

Where the tinsel and the glitter are the im-
pulses which sway;

And the measure of Man's merit is the rank
by him adorned (?)

Ye who thus to folly wedded, judge frail
woman in her sin,

And yet welcome him who damns her if he
be of wealth possessed,

Purify your social ethics, Justice be to Mercy
kin,

And the roué, prince or peasant, of your
presence go unblest.

Thus shall Woman be exalted, and her purity
enthroned,

Elevate our moral standards, while her
 sympathy and love,
In all channels where their sweetness, as a
 ruling pow'r is owned,
Dissipate the moral darkness, as the sun-
 shine from above,
Scatt'ring Nature's gloomy shadows, ushers
 in the new-born day;
Fills the world with vivid splendor; floods
 the universe with Light;
So Society's pet vices shrink from innocence
 away,
If its sisterhood, united, boldly champion
 the right.

Home and mother, wife and children; words
 can never tell the bliss
Which these blest relations foster; they are
 heav'n on earth to men;
Truth and Honor, noblest impulse, wakened
 by a mother's kiss,
Are the safeguards of the Nation; mightier
 than the sword or pen:
In the chivalry they teach us, selfishness is
 lost in love;
We are won away from sinning by "the
 light of her sweet smile";
In our hearts fond mem'ries linger, like a
 message from above
They dispel the shades of sorrow; keep
 our spirits free from guile.

As our watchful guardian angel, we have
 crowned her Sovereign Queen;
To her virtue we pay homage, in her ten-
 derness we find
All the inspiration needed to make Life
 sweetly serene;
Childhood's hopes and man's ambitions are
 so closely intertwined
With her constancy and courage, that without
 their magic art,
Noblest monuments of valor ne'er would
 grace the storied page,

And the characters whose greatness of the
Nation forms a part

Fail to reach their lofty stature, or men's
interest to engage.

In the onward march of progress, in the
thought life of the world,

Guided by a hand so gentle that its pres-
ence seems unfelt,

Moral forces meet in conflict; from its ped-
estal is hurled

Throned and sceptered usurpation, 'gainst
which fatal blows are dealt

By the timid maid or matron, whose sweet
consecration wins,

Where the sterner means and methods of
man's dealing with the wrong,

Fail to reach the malefactor as he prospers
in his sins;

Virtue triumphs in the battle of the weak
against the strong.

Honor to thee, sister, sweetheart, thou hast
ruled since first to man,

As a gracious benediction thou wast sent
to share his lot;

With Creation's dawn thy glory as a mis-
tress fair began,

Of the destinies of Nations; never can
there be forgot

What devotion thou hast shown when the
souls of men were tried;

When sweet Liberty assaulted by those
nourished at her breast,

Tottered in her shaken Temple; than thee
none more brave beside

Held aloft thy Country's banner till the
tossing waves to rest

At the feet of Peace, triumphant, sunk in
sullen silence lay;

Then the heroes of the conflict, loving,
crowned thee once again;

Thus the Home, the State, the Nation, to
thee highest tribute pay,
And the pæans of the ages echo back the
same refrain;
History thy name has blazoned in the loftiest
niche of Fame;
'Mid the battle's strife and tumult, gently
hast thou won thy way;
Soothed the anguish of the martyred, friend
and foe alike the same
Succor at thy hands receiving, as in pain's
embrace they lay.

So we find in all relations, Woman is Man's
polar star;
Without her his higher nature, famished,
yearns for peace in vain;
With her, clouds have silver linings, Love's
celestial gates unbar,
And his pathway gleams with sunshine,
sweetening ev'ry hour of pain;
In prosperity her counsel guards against for-
getfulness
Of the pitfalls of destruction which lie
yawning at our feet;
In adversity she hovers, eager to relieve dis-
tress,
And her gentle ministrations soothe when
tortured by defeat.

Coronets could not ennoble those thus to the
purple born,
By Divine impress they're gifted with no-
bility and grace;
Ev'ry act attests the voucher and the jewels
which adorn
Character aglow with beauty, in whose
virtues we can trace
Lineage with clime celestial; lead the race
to higher life;
Broaden avenues of culture; inculcate
sweet charity;
Raise the ideal of manhood; exorcise all
selfish strife;

Ush'ring in millennial dawning and the
world's fraternity.

Poet pen and artist pencil have in vain
 essayed the task

 Of portraying female virtue in its excel-
 lence and worth;

Incarnation of celestial gifts and graces, who
 could ask

 That her prototype on canvas, or in poesy,
 give birth

To a likeness which should measure up to
 God's ideal Art,

 As she came forth from His fingers, angels
 envied man the bliss

Of companionship with Woman; eye to eye
 and heart to heart;

 Waking tenderest responses, consummating
 in her kiss.

Last and best of God's creations; Heav'n and
 Earth in unison

 Breathe a blessed benediction on thine ad-
 vent, and implore,

Thornless roses 'neath thy footsteps, cloud-
 less skies thy horizon,

 And perennial spring and sunshine as thy
 portion evermore;

Thus in Life a Queen unrivaled, thou shalt
 reign potentially;

 In thy death enshrined forever in the
 hearts thou lov'st so well:

Paradise swing back its portals as thou
 ent'rest royally,

 And the angels singing welcome, thy celest-
 tial triumphs tell.

The Majesty of God in a Dew Drop

Dedication

TO the WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION, from whose untiring effort, undaunted faith and consecrated zeal came the inspiration and heroic labors which finally culminated in the victory of the prohibition forces and the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, this poem is most loyally and lovingly dedicated by the author.

Prologue

The adulation of this God-given beverage, a marvel in its component elements, and perfectly adapted to the cravings of a healthy and normal physical organization, co-relates every instrumentality which is fighting for its supremacy, and for the banishment of the vitiated and debasing, in the decoctions, man-made and demon-inspired, which have filled the world with sorrow and heartbreak. In conjunction with kindred spirits, the founders of the W. C. T. U. in Fredonia, New York, and afterward in formal convention in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1874, extended its field of operations, until it now comprehends the entire world, its white-ribboned message encircling the globe.

The boast of Bailey, "a saloonless nation and a stainless flag," has broadened in its significance, until, in its wondrous influence, the mighty moral propaganda it typifies shall eventually redeem a race; effacing, in its power and majesty, the degeneracy and dissipation of thousands of years; enabling the world to rejoice in the rearing of its youth in an atmosphere untainted by the fumes of alcohol, in which the Bacchanalian revel and the horrors of delirium shall be unknown.

The name of Frances E. Willard is associated so intimately with the history of the W. C. T. U. that to name one is to include and recall the other. The nation has honored itself by placing her effigy, in marble, in Statuary Hall, Washington, D. C., so that, side by side with the heroes of the stern tests to which our form of government has been subjected, Illinois might proclaim to the world that this woman, in her life and character, embodied the essential elements of nobility, virtue and consecration, to the high ideals, constituting the glory and sovereignty

of American womanhood. She belongs to the noble galaxy of those who have laid the generations under a tribute of gratitude.

To them we ascribe heartfelt gratitude and appreciation, and, in our heart of hearts, enshrine their names and memories. Queens in the circles in which they moved, their regnancy was undisputed and their influence irresistible. God hasten the day when sane legislation and an awakened public conscience shall unite in compelling the observance of a universal prohibitory statute, for which they are fighting, thus freeing America and the world from the effects of this infamy.

The Majesty of God in a Dew Drop

Water, limpid, pure and crystal, as the skies
which gave thee birth;
In thy depths there lurks no poison; naught
but joy thou giv'st to earth;
Blending in thy liquid beauty, rainbow-
tinted loveliness,
Those who quaff thee from the goblet, bless
the glass whose brim they press.
Singing in the tiny streamlet, dashing down-
ward in the storm;
Gleaming in the sparkling dewdrop; freezing
in fantastic form;
Tow'ring high in mighty iceberg; falling in
the cooling show'r;
Ever cheering, always welcome, Earth thou
bringest richest dow'r.

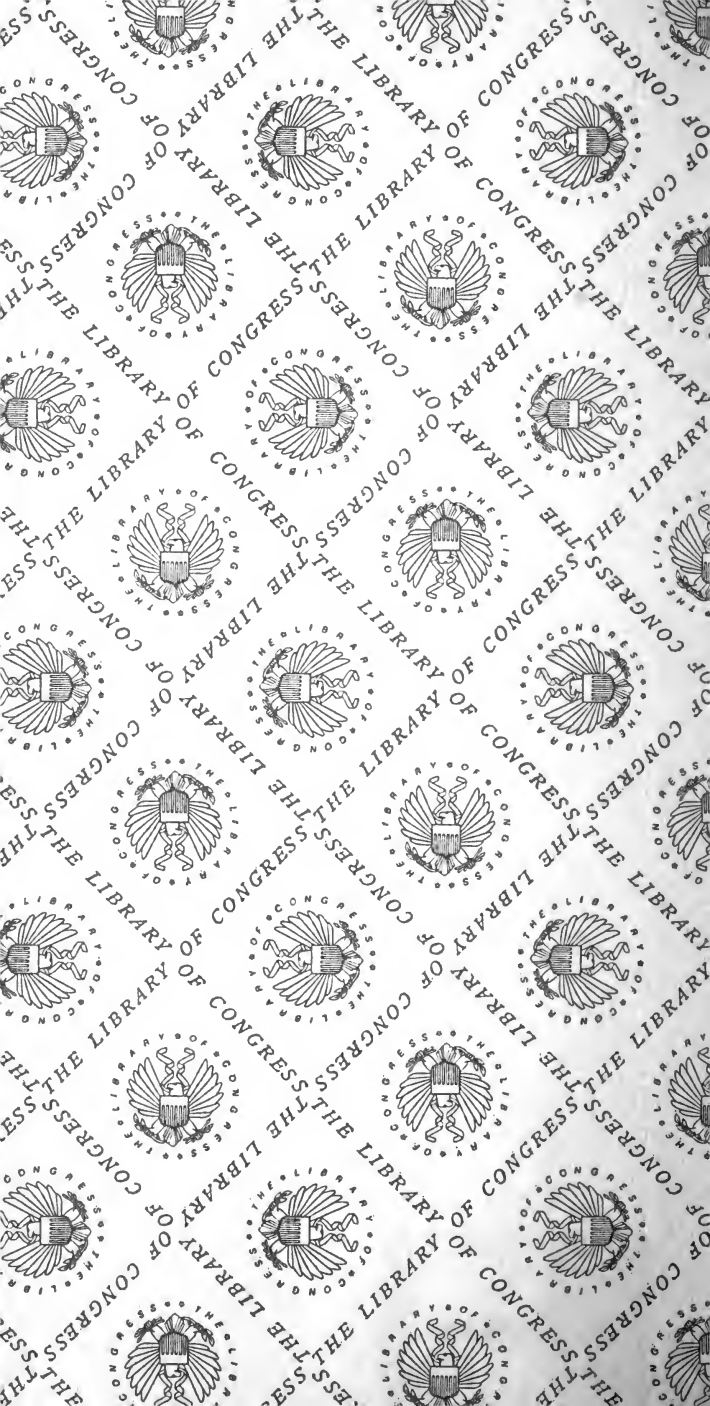
Mountains only bar thy progress, gently as
thou fall'st in rain;
Puny are man's mighty efforts on the
ocean's tossing main;
When, in tempest, angry swelling, mountain
high the billows run,
Like a bubble in thy depths he sinks, un-
known and undone.
Fitting symbol of thy Maker, when in
majesty sublime,
As old ocean's mighty volume, bound by
neither space nor time,
On its sandy beach thou breakest, chanting
anthems loud and long,
Thou the Almighty's face hast mirrored since
Creation's morning song.

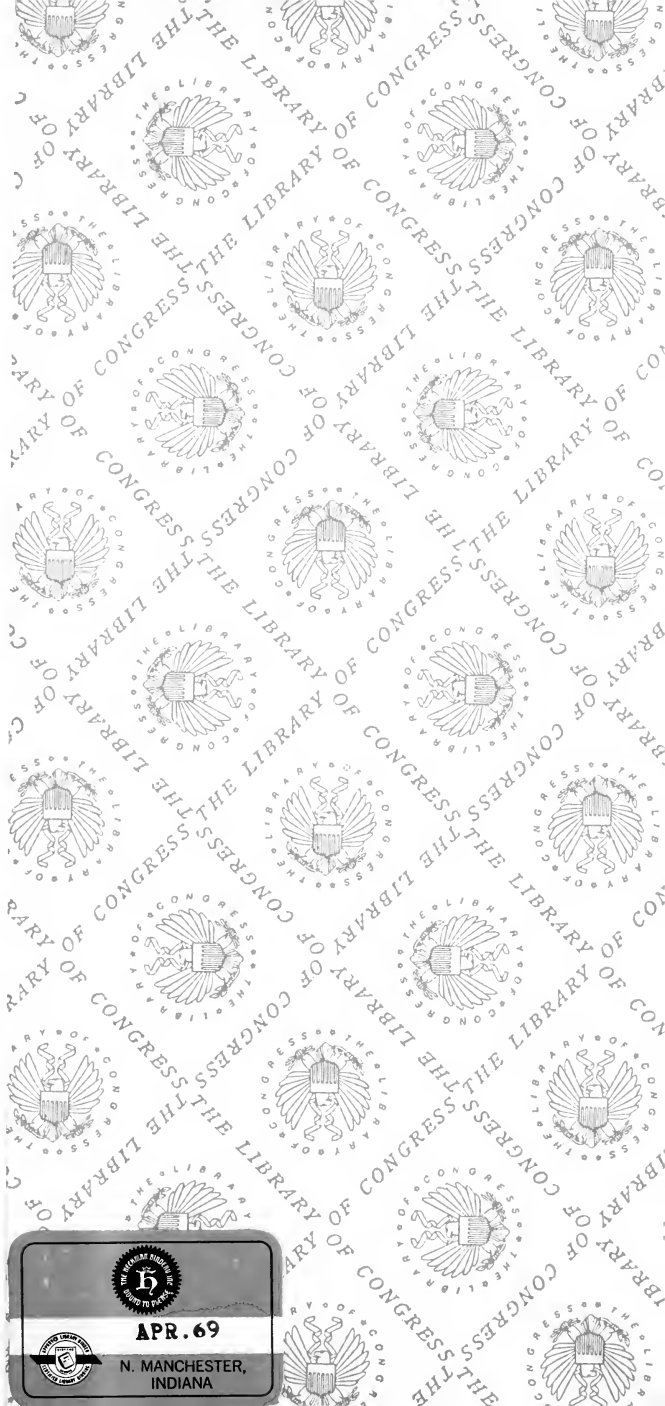
Born amid the clouds and sunbeams, piled in
tow'ring grandeur high,
Pregnant in the womb which bore thee, lie
the tints which charm the eye;
Crystal jewels thou bestowest, when the Frost
King reigns supreme,

And when Summer rules with sunshine, rain-
 bows glitter in thy stream:
 To the flow'rs thou givest fragrance, and as
 they their sweets exhale,
 'Tis to thee they owe their beauty, pure and
 fair as it is frail:
 When with scorching heat the sunray parches
 Nature's verdant dress,
 'Neath thy gentle touch upspringing, it
 blooms anew at thy caress.
 Votive off'rings thus we bring thee, Goddess
 with the rainbow crowned,
 And with Fame's bright laurel-wreath en-
 twined, we'll sing thy praise profound;
 Loudest plaudets we will yield thee, and the
 pleasing charm prolong,
 For the blessings thou art giving is the bur-
 den of our song:
 Age and childhood, maid and matron; youth-
 ful son and hoary sire,
 Laving in thy crystal coolness, quench their
 thirst, cool fever's fire;
 In their healthful hours they crave thee,
 yearning for thy wholesome draught,
 And, when fell disease hath seized them, oft
 have they thy pure stream quaffed.
 Blessing always, cursing never, fitting 'tis
 thou should'st be praised;
 That for thee and thy pure nectar, shouts and
 pæans should be raised;
 Brewed by God's own hand, in regions hidden
 far from mortal sight,
 In thy purity thou bearest proofs of the cele-
 stial light,
 Which has glistened thee with rainbows,
 robed thee in the brightest hues;
 Shimmered thee with dazzling radiance as
 thy tear the rose bedews;
 Fleeting as the misty vapor, gentle as the
 falling dew;
 Emblem art thou of thy Maker, good and
 pure as thou art true.

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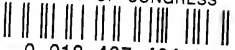


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